

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,  
And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,  
And these few precepts in thy memorie  
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,  
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,  
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,  
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment  
Of each new hatcht vnsledgd courage; beware  
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,  
Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee:  
Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voice,  
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy iudgement,  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not exprest in fancie; rich not gaudie,  
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man:  
And they in *France* of the best ranke and station,  
Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:  
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,  
For loue oft looses both it selfe and friend,  
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:  
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true  
And it must follow as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man:  
Farewell my blessing season this in thee.

*Laer.* Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

*Pol.* The time inuests you, go, your seruants tend,

*Laer.* Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well  
What I haue said to you.

*Oph.* Tis in my memorie lockt  
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. *Exit, Laertes.*

*Pol.* What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

*Pol.* Marrie well bethought

Tis told me he hath very oft of late  
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe  
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous,

## Prince of Denmarke.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution I must tell you,  
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely  
As it behooues my daughter and your honour,  
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

*Oph.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,  
Vnsifted in such perillous circumstance,  
Doe you belecue his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

*Pol.* Marrie I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,  
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearely  
Or (not to cracke the wind of the poore phrase)  
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

*Oph.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue  
In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* I, fashion you may call it, goe to, goe to.

*Oph.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech  
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

*Pol.* I, springes to catch Wood-cocks, I do know  
When the bloud burnes, how prodigall the soule  
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter  
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both  
Euen in their promise, as it is a making  
You must not tak't for fire: from this time  
Be some thing scarter of your maiden presence  
Set your intreatments at a higher rate  
Then a command to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,  
Beleue so much in him, that he is young,  
And with a larger teder may he walke  
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,  
Doe not beleue his vowes, for they are Brokers  
Not of that die which their inuestments shew  
But meere implorators of vnholy suites,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds  
The better to beguile: this is for all,  
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth